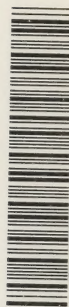


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UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

THE LIFE AND UNCOLLECTED POEMS
OF THOMAS FLATMAN

BY

FREDERIC ANTHONY CHILD

A THESIS

PRESENTED TO THE FACULTY OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL IN
PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR
THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY



PHILADELPHIA
1921

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This study of Thomas Flatman was undertaken at the suggestion of Professor Felix E. Schelling and completed under his inspiration.

I have been enabled to add a number of biographical details, the most important being the Flatman-Sancroft letters. No additional poems of particular merit are added though the bulk is considerable if those taken from "Heraclitus Ridens" are actually his, as I believe they are.



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Thomas Flatman was born in London on Michaelmas Day, September 29th, 1637. This was the year Prynne, Burton and Bastwick were stood in the pillory, deprived of their ears and fined £5000 each and sentenced to be imprisoned for life. Thus we see at the birth of the future Royalist poet the clouds of the Puritan Revolution were gathering. He was born on Red Cross Street in the Parish of St. Giles, Cripple Gate. Flatman's father was Robert Flatman who according to his will was "of the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the country of Middlesex, gentleman" a native of Mendham, Norfolk. Anthony à Wood says he was a clerk in the chancery. He outlived his more illustrious son, dying between the 5th and the 21st of August, 1689 leaving a considerable sum of money and some real estate. One other son, Richard, had died before him, for it was in the third edition of Flatman's Poems, printed in 1682, that a "Pindaric Ode on the Death of my dear Brother" first appeared. Two children outlived Robert, Robert who died March 24th, 1692 and a daughter, Franck, of whose death I find no record.

On September 22nd, 1649, Flatman was admitted as Scholar at Winchester College, founded by William of Wykeham who also founded New College, Oxford. So it was most appropriate that after spending five years at Winchester, Flatman should in due course of events make his way to New College. Wood has it that Flatman was "elected a fellow in 1654." It is hardly likely that a fellowship would be offered at this time, Wood probably confusing the word "fellow" with "scholar." According to the "Dictionary of National Biography," he

was admitted on September 11th. of the same year. He did not matriculate, however, until the next year, for in Joseph Foster's "*Alumni Oxoniensis*" we read, "Flatman, Thomas, pleb. New College, matric. 25th July, 1655." Presumably the word "pleb" here used meant the son of a tradesman or clerk. His home address was given as Aldersgate Street. In 1656 he was still a student, a fellow by this time, for in this year he contributed to "*Affectuum decidua*, or due expression in honour of the truly noble C. Capell, Esq." printed in 1656 at Oxford.

Flatman was entered at the Inner Temple in 1656. This, of course, means nothing more than that his name was entered, for as we have seen, he was still a student at Oxford in 1656. Certainly by 1658 he had taken up his residence at the Temple for his poems prefaced to William Sanderson's "*Graphice*," printed that same year, where written from the Inner Temple. Here he was joined in 1659 by a former college-mate, Samuel Woodford, and we are told that they were chamber-fellows. Both of these young men contributed in 1658 to "*Naps upon Parnassus*" by Sam Austin. Wood gives an amusing account of Austin and the publication of this book. Says Wood of Austin, "he fell into the hands of the satyrical wits of the University, who having easily got some of his prose and poetry and published them under these titles: '*Naps upon Parnassus. A Sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened &c. London 1658.*'"

A manuscript book in the handwriting of Flatman gives us the date of May 13th, 1659 as the time of the composition of the poem entitled "*Thoughts*" and from this time poetry must have engrossed no little of his time.

This manuscript book is in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania Library. Its principal value lies in the fact that it contains twenty-four poems endorsed as follows: "*Mis-*

cellanies of Thomas Flatman, ex Interiori Templo, Londini, sic imperantibus fatis, Nov. 9, 1661, 13 Carioli 2." The handwriting is Flatman's. Three of the poems, "Mrs S. W.," "Job 27," and the song beginning "O no, O no" do not appear in any of the four editions and are therefore printed here with the rest of Flatman's uncollected poems. Besides the poems, there are thirty-four pages filled with very fine script, apparently Flatman's, of what seem to be abbreviated notes on sermons.

Other activities beside poetry must have occupied him for two of his extant miniatures are dated but two years later, 1661. No mention has been found where and under whom Flatman studied the art of miniature painting, but from his own to our time his work has been highly commended and more than one critic has stated that his work is second only to that of Cooper the most noted miniature painter of his time. Some fifteen portraits of prominent persons of his time are still preserved in various collections in England.

Wood attributes to Flatman in the year 1660, "*Virtus rediviva*" addressed to Charles I with the statement that "whether Thom. Flatman was the author of these poems I cannot justly tell." Wood apparently forgot that he had previously ascribed this volume to its rightful author, Thomas Ford.

Our next reference to Flatman is the statement that he was the author of the "*Montelion Almanacks* for the year 1661 and 1662." It is my belief, despite this statement in "*Athenae Oxonienses*" that John Phillips, the nephew of John Milton, was their author. William Godwin in his "*Lives of Edward and John Phillips*" dismisses Wood's statement as unworthy of consideration. Certainly Flatman's reputation would gain nothing by having these writings fastened on him. He may have written them but they are so foreign to the rest of his

work that one is justified in waiting for greater evidence than is at present available. They are, however, just the kind of writing John Phillips was doing throughout his rather lengthy life.

Flatman was called to the bar on May 11th, 1662. Horace Walpole says that Flatman "was bred to the law . . . among Vertue's Mass. I find an epigram written by Mr. Oldys on Flatman's three vocations:

'Should Flatman for his client strain the laws,
The Painter gives some colour to the cause.
Should Critics censure what the Poet writ,
The Pleader quits him at the bar of wit.'

It is hardly likely, however, that he had any clients. No doubt it was in obedience to the wishes of his father that he consented to study law at all. He says in his autobiographical "Review":

"From liberal Arts to the litigious Law,
Obedience, not Ambition, did me draw;
I looked at awful Quoif and Scarlet Gown
Through others Opticks, not my own."

Probably during the Plague of 1665 Flatman retired to the country. On August 17th of this year he wrote the Pindaric Ode "The Retirement," apparently at that time being in the country. Again the next year he was undoubtedly out of the city during the fire. I am fortunate in presenting several of Flatman's letters to William Sancroft, a kinsman of Flatman, Dean of St. Paul's and later Archbishop of Canterbury. The first of these is dated London, September 17th, 1666 and is directed to the Dean at Fresingfield, Suffolk. Evidently Flatman had been with Sancroft during the fire, which started on September 2nd and had been delegated by the Dean to

report the state of London after the fire. The letter written but two weeks after the event presents an interesting picture of the efforts already on foot to restore the city. The letter is given from the MS. preserved in the Tanner Collection of MSS. in the Bodleian Library Oxford.

THESE FOR THE REVEREND DR. SANCROFT, DEANE OF ST. PAUL'S,
AT FRESINGFIELD, SUSSEX.

LONDON, 7BR, 17, 1666.

Honourd Sr.

Being safely arriv'd & God be thanked finding all my Relations heer in good health I doe with the greater cheerfullness fulfill my promise in letting you know it. Every thing heer begins to look more compos'd & settled then formerly, none of all the inhabitants of that great City unprovided of Lodgings, or other conveniences of life, according to the best accompt given heer. All the discourse is concerning the building a new City, to which purpose severall modell ar already presented to his Maty, all agreeing in this to make the Royall Exchange apart by itself in the very Center of the city at which the 4 principall streets to meet (some say 8) none of less bredth then Holborne, 40 foot to be taken of for a Key all along ye Thames side with many Docks more then as yet; The brewers, Dyers &c to be all placed on Southwark side. The Tower to stand alone by itself no houses neer it. Many people lost their lives in the fire, not known till lately, all the poor employed in digging sifting & fitting the Rubbish for mortar, against the spring when 'tis said they begin to build. This is all Sr that I can pick up at present, onely what may owne eyes saw, give me leave in a word to tell you when I first entred the towne, I saw the beuteous runs of that stately City, not so much as the Sceleton of what it was, *fuit Ilium*, but now a glorious heap of ashes, & I'll assure you Sr the Starrs cannot resolve whether 'twill ever agen a Troy novant; ther's roome enough for a brave desseign 160 acres being laid low by the fire, but I am affraid every house there will be like one of Virgil's plants *Seris factura nepotibus*

umbram. One thing I had almost forgot (wch may be you have not heard) all that part of the roof of St. Pauls over the High Altar, the East window Altar-cloth & all things belonging therto were not toucht by the fire; The morning before that church was burnt, the chapter of course to be read by the appointment of the church was Joe ¹ the 2d, wch was read at the last service there. My Father Mother & myself present you with our humblest services. If Sr you will please to allow a little for the discomposures of a journey and the reflections on a horrid spectacle, I hope you will pardon the confusion of these lines & thereby encourage me, when I am myself to show it you in better Language. I am Sr your most humble thankfull Kinsman & servant.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

A second letter is dated London, September 24th the same year and details further gossip of the happenings in the city and at Court. The reference to Dr. Frampton's sermon shows that Flatman had heard this sermon delivered at Whitehall in the presence of the King.

Honour'd Sr.

Though my occasions are something pressing this morning & must therefore necessarily put me past premeditation in expressing my sentiments of your many kindnesses, yet I cannot lose this opportunity of sending you both my Father's & my own hearty services & acknowledgment. To be brief Sr. all the newes I can pick up hear (beside the Gazet) is this. Yesterday Mr. Dr. Frampton preacht before ye King at Whitehall on ye text God is a consuming fire, so excellently and rhetorically that not onely ye King but the whole Court wept, I never heard anything more applauded, ye sermon is ordered to be printed, & it's author admitted Chaplain in ordinary to ye King. He is lately come into England after 12 years residence in a Factory at Aleppo. Since ye Gazet newes is brought to Court by a Trumpet of 3 more

¹ Not legible.

frenchships taken, 4 stranded & yt wee ar in pursuit of 4 more, how true I know not but 'tis confidently asserted. This end of ye Towne is become exceeding populous, & ye Strand looks like Paternoster row Cheapside & Lombard street altogether. Houses abate much in their price already, for notwithstanding all ye great concourse of people hither many 100 houses as yet empty. All manner of provisions very cheap & plentiful. In ye last Bill of Mortalitie wch is for 3 weeks about 100 of the plague. Worthy Sr I humbly begg yor pardon for this hasty scribble & crave leave to subscribe myself

Honourd Sr

Your most humble servant

London, September 24^{die}.

THOM. FLATMAN.

De Ruyter is dead.

A little later in this same year, 1666, we catch another glimpse of Flatman. Wood says that on December 11th he received the degree of "M. A. of Cambridge by the King's letters, being then A. B. of Oxford as is there said." Verification of this statement is found in the third of the Flatman-Sancroft letters, which also refers to an unfinished Ode on London started by Flatman before the fire but now to remain unfinished. It is also worthy of notice that Flatman refers to the influence of Sancroft making it possible for him to return to Cambridge.

THESE FOR THE REVERND WORTHY FRIEND DR. WILLIAM SANCROFT
DEANE OF ST. PAULS, WITH ALL RESPECTS.

Revernd Sir,

But that I ever deemd it a more veniall offence to be thought impertinent than unthankfull, I had not now troubled you with an accompt of the happiness & satisfaction I enjoy by the influence of your kindness & considerations in my return to this place. 'Tis none of ye least of my misfortunes to be most oblig'd when I have all the reason in the world to despair of a capacity

to retribute, which Sr I yet hope you will rather commiserate as my unhappiness than blame as my crime. I am not master of Rhetorick enough to tell you what I would much less what I ought to say in acknowledgment of your many generous favours; but am necessitated only to commend to you those requittalls of so transcendent civilities which result from the sense of noble & worthy 'Charity in your own breast.

When I was last with you you were pleas'd to take away from me a paper of imperfect Verses, the first desseign whereof was to comply with your injunction in saying something on that subject, whose beauty (it may be) had it continued in that flourishing condition twas in at the time of the imposition of your commands, might have heightened my thoughts as much as it's ruine has now dejected them: or to speak in my own way; The Coppy had bin so much livelier if th' Originall hadn't bin so much defaced; & he must be a better Architect then I that can reare a structure any thing magnificent on so bare an Ichnography. Thus much Sr to let you know how much I am beholding to yor forgetfulness in returning my Ode whereby you have cover'd many imperfections & kept me from being any longer angry with myself for not finishing what had better never bin begun. This with my most humble respects & hearty thanks is all at present from

Revernd Sr

Your most obliged Servant

THOM. FLATMAN.

Cambridg, May 13, 1667.

Katherine Hall.

To the year 1667 belongs the autobiographical Pindaric Ode "The Review." The manuscript gives December 27th and in that book the dedication is to Dr. William Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's. In this year appeared the first of Flatman's Pindaric Odes to be published, namely that "On the Matchless Orinda" prefaced to the edition of her poems

printed the same year. I can find no positive proof that Flatman was personally acquainted with this remarkable woman.

Flatman was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on April 30th, 1668. It is worthy of notice that John Locke was elected the same year.

In 1670 Flatman's "A Pindaric Ode on the Death of the truly and valiant and loyal George Duke of Albermarle late General of his Majesty's Forces" appeared. This was probably the first of his odes to be printed separately. Two copies of the Ode are in the British Museum, one apparently printed in Dublin.

Two years later, 1672, Wood says, "there had like to have been a poetical war between Dr. Wild and Tho. Flatman, but how it was terminated, I cannot say." Despite the fact that Robert Wild was a Puritan divine, he was also a poet and a Royalist. He participated in many controversies of which the most interesting to us is thus described: "In 1672 Wild addressed his 'Humble Thanks for his Majesty's Gracious Declaration of Liberty of Conscience' to the King. It called forth several replies." It is most likely that Wood had this particular controversy in mind in his reference to Flatman.

In 1672 Flatman married. Wood thus records the event, "being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin and more with her fortune, did espouse her 26th Nov., 1672." We learn from the Parish Register of S. Botolph, Aldergate that the "Fair virgin's" name was Hannah Carpenter. It may be that Flatman's poems entitled "Phyllis Withdrawn" and "Pastoral" were addressed to her.

In 1674 appeared the first edition of Flatman's "Poems and Songs," a small volume of 140 pages printed for Benjamin Took without a portrait. However, Flatman presented a large paper copy to Dr. Sancroft with a portrait of the poet by White.

A decidedly novel and rather expensive proceeding. The next year the obverse of the picture is presented in a letter here printed for the first time in which Flatman asks Sancroft for a favor, "The first I ever askt."

Revernd Sir,

Tho' the unanswerable neglect of my duty to you, has given you just occasion to forget my name, yet I am bold (on the assurance you have given all the world of the excellence of yor temper, & readiness to forgive penitent offenders to begg a favor of you, the first I ever askt & the greatest I could wish granted, for 'tis in behalf of my very good friend the Bearer hereof, of whose candor & integrity no man that knows him so well as I doe can have any reason to doubt: He informs me you are designed for the 5th Novemb sermon befor the House of Commons, which (if you are desird to Print) as with greediness is expected, I humbly begg Mr. Took this Bearer not altogether unknown to you, may have the Coppy, & consequently oblige the world, which I desire he may, & am confident he can never have a better opportunity to doe then yor kindness can give him, by complying with the not very unreasonable desire of

Revernd Sr

Yor humblest Servant

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Novemb. 3, 1675.

Two years after the first edition, a second edition of his poems appeared, resembling the first edition in appearance, though not a reprint. In it we find added the following: "On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humfries," "The Mistake," and "The Incredulous." Evidently the years intervening between the first and second editions had not been rich in composition. Also it would seem that a second edition so soon after the first with the addition of only three poems would indicate that there was a real demand for the book.

Flatman allows little time to elapse the next year before con-

gratulating Sancroft upon his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury and incidentally offering his services to the newly appointed Archbishop. Sancroft was consecrated in Westminster on January 27th, 1678. The letter follows:

Reverend Sir,

When I heard the happy newes of your meritted Advancement, I thought it my duty to present you with my hearty Congratulations, and I take it to be as much so, too, to make you this early tender of my Services, if there be any thing I can pretend too, may render it acceptable to you in this yor eminent Station, I can promise you a faithfull Discharge and a Gratefull acknowledgment and that (Reverend Sir) is all within the Compass of
Yor humblest Servant

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Decemb. 30, 1677.

Five days after dispatching the congratulation, he sends another letter, dated January 4th, 1677/8, apologizing for past neglects and suggesting to Sancroft a Mr. Melburne as his Solicitor.

FOR THE REVEREND DR
WILLIAM SANCROFT

My Lord

The multiplicity of yor affairs yesterday hindered me of that freedom I intended to have taken in the mention of many things to yor Honour. I cannot but with all humility & gratitude acknowledge yor condescensions to me, in which the good old man my Father desires to beare a Part. My Lord, I begg yor Pardon for my past neglects. I'm sure if your Honr knew my Circumstances you couldn't call um Omissions of my Duty, which I dare not despaire, of an happy opportunity to attone for, if at least there be any qualifications in me that may give me a title to the name of

My Lord

Your faithfull Servant as
well as poor Kinsman

January, 4.

1677/8.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

If I durst I have great reason for my own particular knowledge of Mr. Melburne's integrity & ability, to recommend him againe & againe for the menage of yor Lopp's concerns as yor Honor's Sollicitour: by which he proposes onely an honest end, of promoting his acquaintance, & initiating himself in business, for which no man of his education is better qualified.

In 1680 Flatman wrote a Latin epitaph for Sir Peter Lely's monument. This was one of several such epitaphs Flatman wrote and will be found in the present publication.

In 1681 there appeared a weekly sheet called "*Heraclitus Ridens: or a Discourse between Jest and Earnest, where many a true word is spoken in opposition to all Libellers against the Government.*" The first issue appeared Tuesday, February 1st, 1681 and the last (the 82nd) on Tuesday, August 22nd, 1682. It is in the form of a dialogue between Jest and Earnest concerning the political events of the day, and is full of allusions to men of high and low degree.

The authorship of this publication has proved a riddle from its first appearance. Wood states in his "*Life and Times,*" "*News called Heraclitus that came out once a week commencing January or December 1680 gave off in August 1682. Rawlins the writer. Rawlins is a troper and a crazed hot-headed fellow, and Mr. Henly Dodwell thinks him not to be the author but fathered upon him.*" It is my belief that Flatman was the author. Wood in his account of Flatman in "*Athenae Oxonienses*" says, "*He is said to have wrote Heraclitus Ridens. Grey.*" Who this Grey is, is not revealed. Perhaps it is on this authority that the British Museum attributes the paper to Flatman. Few copies remain, the Museum having only a few odd numbers of the original edition but possessing the reprint of 1713. It should be remembered that the author kept himself purposely anonymous.

With the present material at hand it is impossible to assign

the author without fear of contradiction, but I believe that internal evidence will afford us reason for thinking that Flatman was the writer of the verse, at least that which partakes of a serious nature. Of the thirty-nine poems, seventeen are humorous. Flatman has left us so few of such poems that a correspondence is difficult to find between those authentically his and those supposedly his. A perusal of his "Appeal to Cats" will, I believe, convince anyone that he was quite capable of writing in the lighter vein.

In dealing with the serious poems in "Heraclitus" we are on more solid ground. Two of them are similar in many respects to Flatman's Odes, and it is to these that we must turn for comparison. These poems are without title and are found in numbers 69 and 71 respectively. They are both addressed to the King and the Duke of York. The general style is the same as that found in Flatman's Pindaric Odes, especially that to Charles II and the gratulatory poem to James II. All of these poems were written in the same period of the poet's life. We find in all the same "grand style," the absence of rhyme, the irregularity as to the length of line, the prayers to Heaven and the Spirits that preside over sublunary things and on a closer examination we also find verbal similarities.

On July 30th, 1680, Thomas, Earl of Ossory died. According to Anthony à Wood's account of Flatman there appeared the next year "A Pindarique Ode on the Death of Thomas Earl of Ossory, London, 1681." The British Museum has two copies of this Ode, one printed in London in 1681 and one in Dublin, 1680. This latter imprint is significant in the light of subsequent events for we read again in Wood that "This poem, that pleased the author best, as it did the generality was printed in the last edition of his Songs and Poems. [Wood refers to the 1682 edition.] Soon after the publication of the said ode, it was perused by the said duke [the Duke of Or-

mond], Lord Lieutenant of Ireland who being in a high manner pleased with it, he sent to the author a mourning ring, with a diamond in it, worth £100 as a reward for his labour and ingenuity." The publication referred to by Wood as read by Ormond was probably the Dublin Edition of 1680. The third edition of Flatman's poems printed in 1682 was dedicated to the Duke!

In 1681, according to Wood, Flatman contributed to a translation of Ovid's Epistles. He says, "He also translated from Latin into English, 'The Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaus' which is in Ovid's Epistles translated from Latin into English by several hands, London, 1681."

Flatman's elder son, Thomas, died January 28th, 1682/3 and in the edition of 1686 we find for the first time the Pastoral "Coridon on the death of his dear Alexis-ob. Jan. 28, 1682/3." Hackett's "Epitaphs" preserves the epitaph written by the poet.

St. Bride's, London.

Here lies the Body of Thomas Flatman, eldest Son of Thomas Flatman, and Hannah his Wife, who resigned his beloved Soul the 28th of December, 1682.

Whoere thou art, that lookst upon
And readst what lies beneath this Stone;
What Beauty, Goodness, Innocence,
In a sad Hour was snate'd from hence,
What Reason canst thou have to prize
The dearest Object of thine Eyes?
Believe this, Mortal, what thou valuest most,
And sett'st thy Soul upon, is soonest lost."

In 1682 appeared the third edition of Flatman's poems containing fifteen additional poems and a frontispiece painted by Halys and engraved by White.

In a letter dated January 9th, 1683/4 Flatman writes to Sancroft as follows:

My Lord,

The first Page of the enclos'd Paper is the result of his Maties, & yor Grace's Commands; The Second of my owne uneasy thoughts on the Death of my beloved Child, who carried yor Grace's blessing with him into the other World. The severity of the Whether has delay'd Both much longer than became the bounden Duty of

My Lord

Yor Grace's most obedient
Servant & meanest Kinsman

THOMAS FLATMAN.

The pieces referred to are "A New Year's Song" and "Coridon on the death of his dear Alexis."

In 1683 Flatman edited the poems of Thomas Shipman, a Royalist living in Nottinghamshire, who spent much of his time in London in association with Denham, Oldham, Cowley and Sir Fleetwood Sheppard. A more intimate friend was his later editor. We are told that some of the poems in Shipman's "Carolina" indicate that the severe morals of the Roundheads were even less to his taste than their politics. Flatman's Epistle follows:

TO THE READER.

Kind Reader.

The ingenious Author of the following Compositions was a man every way accomplish'd: To the advantages of his Birth, his Education had added whatsoever was necessary to fit him for Conversation and render him (as he was) desirable by the best Wits of the Age. In the Calamities of the last Rebellion he was no small Sharer, the Iniquity of the Times having no power to shock his Loyalty, he very cheerfully underwent the Tryals of

unhappy Virtue. In that miserable storm it was his good Fortune to retire from total Ruine; and that quiet Recess gave the opportunity of these papers, in which thou wilt find many troublesome thoughts well digested, and perhaps, at some time or other, well enough adapted to thy own uneasie Circumstances. If there be anything meaner than may be expected from so polite a Pen, thy Candor must attribute it to the hasty efforts of his younger, or the too ponderous and over-powering Confusions which the Rebellion imprinted on his riper Years. He is dead, and happy out of the reach of thy Envy and in no need of thy Pity, therefore (good reader) for Humanity sake be charitable to the Productions of a dead Author, who was worthily honour'd and admir'd while he lived and attained the desirable Satisfaction of living very easily in a troublesome Age, and carrying with him a good Conscience to the Grave.

THOS. FLATMAN.

Feb. 7, 1682/3.

In 1685 Flatman wrote a Pindaric Ode on Prince Rupert and in the same year appeared in two sheets folio an "Ode" on the "Death of King Charles II" and the "Gratulatory Verses to James." The next year appeared the fourth and final edition of Flatman's poems.

We get no notice of the poet from now to the day of his death, December 8th, 1688. He died in his home in Three Leg Alley, in the Parish of St. Brides, London and was buried in the Parish Church of St. Brides. "He was buried," says Wood, "three days after in the church of S. Bride alias Bridget near the rails of the communion table, under a grave-stone with inscription and verses thereon, which he had sometime before caused to be laid on his son there buried." He died intestate, his estate being administered in the Probate Court of Canterbury on the 24th of January, 1689 by his widow Hannah. Flatman was survived by two children,

Robert a son and Franck a daughter. It is stated that he possessed a small estate at Tishton, near Tiss.

The most noteworthy of the contributors to the Prefatory Poems preceding Flatman's collected poems are Charles Cotton and Nahum Tate. Both of these men are complimentary. Says A. H. Bullen, a noted admirer of Flatman, "Nahum Tate was a fervent admirer of Flatman; both were serious minded poets in an age of frivolity." But all contemporary comment was not to be so favorable. Rochester has the following comment to make,

"Nor that slow Drudge in swift Pindarick strains,
"Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
"And rides a jaded Muse, whipt with loose Rains."

From Flatman's day to our own the comments have been prevailingly derogatory. We are told that "his verse was buried with its author in the fourth edition" and Granger remarks "that one of his heads is worth a ream of his Pindarics." Schelling refers to him as "a man of genuine poetic spirit," however, and includes selections of his poems in "Seventeenth Lyrics."

Flatman was a Royalist, he believed heart and soul in the divine right of kings and yet he could not write as the Court poets of Charles II's reign wrote. He could not approve of Rochester's life though he could mourn his death in a pastoral. He could not write in the old self-abasing manner of love and yet his love poems are decorous and moral. He did partake of the Court attitude of cynicism toward the passion of passions, but it is more a cynicism of temperament than a light and frivolous gallantry. Like Cowley, Flatman wished to express grand and expansive ideas and also like that poet, he took the Pindaric Ode as his form and like Cowley he was not sustained by his age. Royalist though he was and at

least an occasional attendant at Court, he must have seen, like Butler, the corruption at Court and the discontent outside the Court. This lack of a united spirit behind him undoubtedly restrained his enthusiasm and he was fain to fall back upon philosophy and religion.

Flatman's verse may be divided into Occasional poems, Translations and Songs. No doubt Flatman felt that his Pindaric Odes were his most important works. In writing them he followed Cowley's example in the use of the irregular form. Flatman says on his point, "him [Cowley] I must ever acknowledge but to imitate." Besides the matter of form, there are a number of verbal parallels and similar references to be found in the two poets. Flatman however substitutes rhetoric for Cowley's wit. Nor is he entirely free from conceits. His acquaintance with the classics is entirely adequate. Flatman did considerable translation, almost entirely from Horace, the Horatian Odes being especially sprightly and preserving the spirit of the Latin original. But these translations must compete with many completer and later versions and so therefore it is to his Songs that we must look for any permanency of appeal. His "For Thoughts" and its companion piece "Against Thoughts" are undoubtedly his best work. There is a sweep of imagination that is absent in most of his serious poems. In an age of Criticism Flatman wrote almost nothing, disavowing in his Preface any serious attitude toward the poetic art. Royalist in politics, Flatman was an Independent in Poetry. Though he could be a devotee to the King and Court through conviction and perhaps to a certain extent self-interest, he could not give complete adherence to the Royalist way of thinking. It is this division that prevented the reign of Charles II from producing any poet, unless we except Dryden, comparable even to the minor poets of the Elizabethan period either in imagination or harmony.

Two matters of minor importance may claim brief attention. The first has to do with Pope's debt to Flatman for his "Dying Christian to His Soul," though Flatman was not the only source. Pope, in a letter to Steele, at whose suggestion he had adopted the subject, gives this brief history of his composition: "You have it, as Cowley calls it, warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration but that I had in my head not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho." He omitted to mention the close similarity of his lines with those of Flatman. We know that Pope possessed a copy of Flatman. The other matter is the relation of Flatman to the poets of his time. The following is as exact a list as can be given now of the Prefatory Poems written by Flatman.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 1. Contributed to Capel. | 1656. |
| 2. Contributed to "Naps from Parnassus." | 1658. |
| 3. Prefatory Poems to Sanderson's "Graphice." | 1658. |
| 4. Prefatory Poem to Faithorn's "Art of Graving." | 1662. |
| 5. Ode to Orinda. | 1667. |
| 6. Ode on Woodford's "Psalms." | 1667. |
| 7. Poem on Wm. Johnson's "Deliverance at Sea." | 1672. |
| 8. Poem on Dr. Brown's "Travels." | 1673. |
| 9. Poem on Cotton's "Blaize de Montluc." | 1674. |
| 10. Pietro Reggio's Music Book. | 1677. |
| 11. Woodford's "Canticles." | 1679. |
| 12. Isaac Walton's "Thealma." | 1683. |
| 13. Edited Thomas Shipman's "Carolina." | 1683. |
| 14. Poem to Creech's "Lucretius." | 1683. |

In the following pages will be found poems that are attributed to Flatman for various reasons but which have never been included in his collected works. The first is entitled "On the Death of the Eminently Enobled Charles Capell, Esq. Who after He had honoured Winton Coll. with his Education

and Accomplisht Himselfe with a voyage into France, Dyed of the Small-Pox, at London Last Christmas 1656." The title page of the volume in which these lines are contained is as follows :

"AFFECTUM DECIDUA OR DUE EXPRESSIONS IN HONOUR OF THE TRULY NOBLE CHARLES CAPELL, ESQ., SONNE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR LD. CAPELL BARON OF HADHAM DECEASED ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1656."

Show'r downe your Ponderous Teares, who er'e you be
Dare Write or read a Capell's Elegie,
Spangle His Hearse with Pearles, such as are borne
'Twixt the blear'd Eielids of an o're cast Morn:
And (but 'tis vain to expostulate with Death),
Or vilifie the Fates with frustrate breath)
Pose Destinie with Why's, Why such a Sun
Should set, before his Noonetide Stage were run?
Why this Faire Volume should be bound so fast
In Wooden Covers, Clasp't up in such hast?
Was Nature fond of It's Large Character,
And those Divine Impressions graven There?
Did shee, least we should spoyl't (to wave that Sin)
'Cause 'twas the Best-Edition call-it-in?
Or would our Vaunting Isle that Saints should see
Th' utmost of all our Prodigalitie,
Fearing some detriment by long delay,
Send Heav'n a New-Year's Gift, Before the Day?
No: th' Empyrean Philomels could sing
Without His voice no Carolls to their King.
England's Metropolis (for 'twas in Thee
He dy'd) We re-baptize Thee Calvarie
The Charnel-house of Gallantry; henceforth
We brand thy Front, with Golgotha of Worth
Had He been Swallowed in that 'Curteous Deep
He Travail'd O're, He had bin lull'd asleep

In th' Amorous Sea-Nymphs Stately Armes at ease
 His Great Name would Imposthuate the Seas;
 That when the Waves should Swell, and Tempests rise,
 (Strong Waters challenging the Dastard skies)
 Poore Shipwrack't Mariners, remembering Him
 Should court His Asterisme, and cease to swimm:
 Abjure the Fatall-Brothers glow-worme-Fires,
 And dart at Him their languishing desires!
 Had France intomb'd Him (what our Land forbids!)
 Nature had rear'd Him Stately Pyramids
 The lofty Alpes, where it had bin most meete
 Their harmlesse Snow should be his Windingsheet
 That Alabaster-Coverture might be
 An Embleme of His native-Puritie.
 Had He fall'n There, it had bin True perchance
 Wiccham's Third Colledge might be found in France:
 But He returned from Thence, curb'd Neptune o' Pride:
 And to our Fame and Greife, came Home and Dy'd.
 Thus, when the Heav'n has wheeled its Dayly Race
 About our Earth; At Night it's glorious Face
 Is Pox't with Starres: Yet Heaven admits no Blot,
 And every Pimple There's a Beauty spot.
 Shortliv'd Disease, that can'st be cur'd and gon,
 By One sweet Morning's Resurrection!
 Adieu Great Sir, whose Totall He that will
 Describe in Folio need's a Cherub's Quill.
 Zealous Posterity your Tombe shall stirre
 Hoard up your Dust, Rifle your Sepulchre:
 And (as the Turks did Scanderberg's of old)
 Shall weare your Bones in Amulets of Gold.
 But my blasphemous Pen prophanes His glory;
 I'le say but This to all His Tragique story:
 Were not the World well-nigh it's Funerall,
 I'de ne're believe so Bright a Starre could Fall.

THOS. FLATMAN,
 fellow of New Col.

The next two poems were prefaced to William Sanderson's "Graphice, the use of the Pen and Pencil or the Most Excellent Art of Painting: In Two Parts." London, 1658.

ON THE PICTURE OF THE AUTHOR,
MR. SANDERSON.

Let others style this Page a Chronicle;
Others Arts Mystery; let a third sort dwell
Upon the curious neat Artifice and swear,
The Sun near saw a Shadow half so rare.
He outsaies All, who lets you understand,
The Head is Sanderson's, Fathorne's the Hand.

THO. FLATMAN,
Inn. Temp. Lond.

ON THE NOBLE ART OF PAINTING.

Strike a bold stroke (my muse!) and let me see,
Thou fear'st no colours in thy Poetry,
For Pictures are dumb Poems; they that write
Best Poems, do but paint in Black and White.
The Pensill's Amulets forbid to die,
And vest us with a fair Eternity.
What think ye of the gods to whose huge name
The Pagans bow'd their humble knees? Whence came
Their immortalities but from a shade,
But from Those Pourtraictures the Painter made?
They saddled Jove's fierce Eagle like a Colt,
And made him grasp in's fist a Thunderbolt.
Painters did all: Jove had (at their command)
Spur'd a Jackdaw, and held a Switch in's hand.
The demi-gods, and all their glories, be
Apelles debtours, for their deity.

O how the Catholicks crosse themselves, and throng
Around a Crucifix! when all along

That's but a Picture. How the spruce trim Lasse,
 Dotes on a Picture in the Looking-glasse?
 And how ineffable's the Peasant's joy,
 When he has drawn his Picture in his Boy.
 Bright Angels condescend to share a part,
 And borrow glorious Plumes from our rare Art.
 Kings triumph in our sackcloth, Monarchs bear
 Reverence t'our Canvase 'bove the Robes They wear.
 Great Fortunes, large Estate, (for all their noise)
 Are nothing in the world but painted toies.
 Th' AEgyptian Hieroglyphicks, Pictures be,
 And Pictures taught them all their A. B. C.
 The Presbyterian, th' Independent too,
 All would a color have for what they do.
 And who so just that does not sometimes try,
 To turn pure Painter, and deceive the eye?

Our honest sleight of hand prevails with all;
 Hence springs an emulation generall.
 Mark how the pretty female-artists try
 To shame poor Nature with an Indian die.
 Mark how the snail with's grave majestic pace,
 Paint earth's green Wastcoat with a silver lace.

But (since all Rhymthes are dark, and seldom go
 Without the Sun) the Sun's a Painter too;
 (Heav'ns fam'd Vandyke) the Sun, he paints ('tis clear)
 Twelve signes throughout the Zodiack every year:
 'Tis He, that at the spicy Spring's gay birth
 Makes Pencils of his Beames, and paints the Earth;
 He Limns the Rainbow, when it strutt's so proud
 Upon the Dusky surface of a Cloud;
 He daubs the Moors, and when they sweat with toil
 'Tis then He paints them All at length in oile;
 The blushing fruits, the glosse of flour's so pure
 Owe their varities to his Minature.

Yet, what's the Sun? each thing where e're we go
 Would be a Rubens or an Angelo.

Gaze up, some winter night, and you'l confesse,
 Heaven's a large Gallery of Images.
 Then stoop down to the Earth, wonder, and scan.
 The Master-piece of th' whole Creation, Man:
 Man, that exact Originall in each limb,
 And Woman, that fair copy drawn from him.
 What e're we see's one Bracelet, whose each Bead
 Is cemented, and hangs by Painting's thread.
 Thus (like the soul o th' world) our subtle Art
 Insinuates itself through every part.
 Strange Rarity! which canst the Body save,
 From the coorse usage in a sullen grave,
 Yet never make it Mummie! Strange, that hand,
 That spans and circumscribes the Sea and Land:
 That drawes from death to th' life without a Spell
 As Orpheus did Eurydice from Hell.
 But all my Lines are rude, and all such praise
 Dead colour'd nonsense. Painters scorn slight Baies.
 Let the great Art commend itself, and then
 You'l praise the Pensill, and deride the Pen.

T. FLATMAN, lately Fellow
 of New Coll. Oxon; now
 Inn—Temp. Lond.

The next three poems are taken from the MS. book and are here printed for the first time.

JOB. CHAP. 27. PARAPHRAST.

8.

Poor Hypocrite (tho ne're so rich) whom God shall call
 His double, his dissembling soul, how small,
 How beggarly his biggest hopes will show!
 Riches command no further than below.

9.

When griefs like waves 'ore one another roul,
 And overwhelm his quite-dejected soul
 When he lies groaning on a restless bed,
 With a sad bleeding heart and aking head,
 Brimfull of anguish and repeated pain,
 He weeps and frames his partcht lips to complain
 Breaths up to Heaven a very earnest prayr
 (Scarce dare he hope, yet dares he not despair)
 But all his supplications mount in vain,
 God will not hear nor answer him again.

10.

How can he turn religious and adore
 That God, he so devoutly moc'd before?
 I will the depths of Providence reveal;
 Th' Almighty's methods will I not conceal.
 Yet why should I suggest what your own heart,
 Where it not vain, might, better farr, impart?
 On th' wicked's head this heavy fate shall come,
 And this shall be from God th' Oppressor's doom:
 His sons tho' more and lovelyer they are
 Than their decrepit father's silver hayr,
 Strong as the sons of Anak, bright and brave,
 Shall shrowd theyr pride in an untimely Grave,
 His daughters tho' more beauteous ev'ry one
 Than the Seraphick spous of Solomon,
 A Sisterhood as numerous and bright
 As are the glorious starrs that guild the night,
 A bloody cloud their glories shall eclips
 Death shuts their killing eyes, their charming lips.
 Tho like a golden harvest they appear
 And ev'ry one a full, a laden ear:
 Like Olive plants amidst their friends be grown,
 The sword shall reap, the sword shall hew them down.
 The sword and eager famin shall devour

All they enjoy in one unhappy hour.
His progenie shall unlamented dy:
Buried in black Oblivion shall they ly:
Unpitied to the dust they shall return,
Nor shall one pious tear bedew theyr Urn.
If he have silver plentiful as dust,
Gold pure as that of Ophir, both shall rust.
Let him have caskets whose each Orient gemm
Vies with the walls o'th' new Jerusalem:
Raiment more gorgeous, than the Lillies hiew,
When every snowy fold is pearld with dew:
He's but the just man's steward all the while;
The just shall wear the rayment, part the Spoyl.
The hous he builds, like that o'th' moths shall be
Too weak against the Wind's least battery.
Or if it stand the brunt of wind and rain,
'Twill stagger at a thundering Hurricane:
As Tents, it may remove from land to land,
But on a solid basis cannot stand.
The rich man shall depart, but not in peace
When he lyes down his horror shall increase.
Just when he's ripe for Vengeance and Heaven's frown
Death, ah too irksome Death, shall shake him down.
Gather'd he shall not be by that kind hand
Which plucks the righteous to blest Canaans land:
He opes his lids and surfetteth his eyes
With gazing over all his vanities,
Till some ill chance o'th' sodain dims his sight
And leaves him lost in an Eternall night.
As mighty waters shall his terrors roar,
He's stol'n away and shall be seen no more.
Hurri'd from his beloved home and tos't,
By th' East wind, fierce as that drownd Pharaoh's host.
Jehovah from whose hand he fain would flee
Shall add more sting to his calamity:
And when his glass has but few sands to run

His tragicomiqu' life now almost done,
 At the last Act his deadliest shame shall be
 To find an hissing for a Plaudite.

ON MRIS. S. W. WHO CUR'D MY HAND BY A PLAISTER
 APPLY'D TO THE KNIFE WHICH HURT ME.

Wounded and weary of my life,
 I to my fair One sent my knife;
 The point had piercd my hand, as farr
 As foe would foe in open warr;
 Cruell, but yet Compassionat she
 Spread plaisters for my enemie.
 She hug'd the wretch had done me harm,
 And in her bosom kept it warm:
 When sodainly I found the cure was done,
 The pain and all the anguish gone.
 Those Nerves which stiff and tender were
 Now very free and active are:
 Not helpt by any power above
 But a true miracle of Love.

Henceforth physicians burn your Bills
 Prescribe no more uncertain pills;
 She can at distance vanquish pain:
 She makes the Grave to gape in vain.
 'mongst all the Arts that saving be,
 None so sublime as Sympathie.
 O could it help a wounded breast!
 I'de send my Soul to have it dresst.
 Yet rather, let herself apply
 The sovereign Med'cine to her Ey
 There lurks the weapon wounds me deep,
 There, that which stabs me in my sleep.
 For still I feel within a Mortall smart;
 The Salve that heal'd my hand, can't cure my heart.

Oct. 19, 1661.

SONG.

O no, O no, it can not be that I
 So long condemned to die,
 Should fool myself with hopes of a reprieve
 From her that read my Destiny.
 She with her Basilisk eyes denounc't my doom
 Why then should I in vain presume,
 In vain fond man to live
 My disappointments poorly to survive?

O no, O no, I know the worst o'it now
 My sentence past I know
 And I no further expectations have
 My withered hopes again should grow
 Yet 'tis a satisfaction to be sure
 I feel the worst I can endure
 O that she yet would save
 By her miraculous kindness from the grave.

1671.

Set by Rog. Hill.

Walpole in his "Anecdotes of Painting" says, "Sir Peter Lely died of an apoplexy as he was drawing the Duchess of Somerset, 1680, and in the 63d year of his age. He was buried in the church of Covent-Garden, where is a monument with his bust, carved by Gibbons, and a Latin epitaph by Flatman. . . . It the monument was entirely reduced to lime, in the conflagration of Covent-Garden church, in 1795. . . . Flatman, who was a good Latin scholar, and his particular friend, composed the epitaph."

Hic situs est Petrus Lely Eq. Aurat. etc.
 In Anglia, fama et divitiis crevit;
 Primus scilicet in arte pictoria magister,
 Ille secundus, qui felicius imitabitur.
 Mire tabellas animavit, quibus pretium

Longe hinc dissita statuent saecula,
 Ipse interim dignissimus, cui statua decernatur,
 Qui ejus, in seros nepotes referatur gloria.

Obijt Nov. 30mo. Anno {
 Salutis 1680.
 Aetatis 63.

Prefatory poem by Thomas Flatman unsigned.

TO MR. CREECH ON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS INTO
 ENGLISH VERSE, 1683.

There's scarce a Paultry Dauber in the Town,
 (So much like Apes We doat on what's our own)
 But will pretend t'express the Air, and Grace
 Of each great Monarch and Admired Face.
 See how the dull neglected Trifles lye,
 And scarce can gain a glance from passers by:
 Unless we reckon the unthinking Fry
 Who glare in Shoals at gawdy drapery:
 But when with charming Stroaks and Powerful lines
 Some curious Titian the great work designs;
 The lovely figures all our Passions move,
 And as if Real, we obey, and Love:
 The Envious, pleas'd on force, here gazeing stands
 Whilst all true Artists wondering clap their Hands:
 Each Novice may the Genius and with Wit,
 That finds, or makes all Beautiful that sit,
 No Scar, or faults of Nature do appear
 Yet something that resembles them is there,
 Strangely by wondrous Art made tempting fair.
 Such is thy Genius, Creech, such is thy Art,
 We have Lucretius like in every part,
 Yet no decays of Age, no roughness shown,
 Tis Masterly and Great, the Beauty's all thy Own.

London. Feb. 10, 82.

The next set of verses is found among the Sancroft Letters

in the Tanner Collection. The MS. is undated but may date from the time of Sancroft's appointment as Archbishop in 1678. The remaining verses are taken from "Heraclitus Ridens."

My Lord

When I your unsought Glories view'd,
And pres't (a meane Spectator in the Croud;)
Where every Ey, with sparkling Joy did gaze,
All hearts brimmfull of Blessing, and of Praise;
Extatick with the mighty Theme I went,
And something, some great thing to Write, I meant:
This, sure, said I, must set me all on fire,
This must my dull, unhallow'd Muse inspire:
I try'd in wary words my Verse to dress,
And throng'd my thoughts with awfull Images;
For the bold Work, Materialls I desseign'd
High as your Station, humble as your Minde:
Alas! in vaine! my owne Confusion
Strait tumbled th' ill-attempted Babel downe.

Much I desir'd to tell in artfull Rhymes,
Your Magnanimity through the worst of Times
How like a Rock, amidst the Sea, you stood,
Surrounded with a foaming Popular-Floud;
In that black Night, how you still kept your way,
When all despair'd the Dawning of This Day:
With what true Christian Stoicisme, You durst Owne
The slighted Miter, and abandon'd Crowne;
As Cato for the baffled Side declared,
Tho' all the Gods the Conquering Cause preferr'd.

Next; I would have describ'd the Happy Place
Of your soft minutes in a sweet Recess;
Where all things were in your Possession,
All you need Wish, for you were all your Owne
Here Emperours, and Kings receiv'd at last
The noblest Guerdon for their Labours past.

Less splendid were those daies but more secure,
 Their last and best were gloriously Obscure.
 O those gay Vallies! O those Lofty Hills!
 Those silent Rivers! and those Murmuring Rills!
 The melancholy Grove! and peacefull Shade!
 For Ease, and Angells-Conversation made!
 The Morning's Breath! the sight o'th' rising Sun,
 When he starts forth, his Giant-Race to run!
 Faine wou'd I have said, what cannot be express't
 But in the sentiments of a well pleas'd Breast.

And now (my lord!) on your triumphant Day,
 What can your poor unlettred Beadsman say?
 Who knows that Praise, at the Poetique rate,
 Swells to a Vice, and must deserve your hate,
 When Heav'n vouchsafes a Miracle to mankinde,
 Silence, and Wonder best express our minde.

Durst I Presume, or could Despair (my Lord!)
 I would add Here for my owne self; one word,
 That I might be (whome the World frown's uppon)
 An Atomé in the beams of your bright Sun,
 Almost Invisible; but still shin'd-uppon.

My Lord

Your Grace's most obedient
 Servant, and poore Kinsman

THOMAS FLATMAN.

JEST SINGING.

Oh the Presbyterian Whiggs
 That taught us first these Scottish Jiggs:

Look how they Strut
 Like Cock in a Rut

And they crow so merily merily.
 But Oh! this Oxford, Oxford Town!
 Our Clubs and Treats, will be run down
 The Fleece, the Mitre, we shall want

The Castle and the Elephant!
 Yet still we live in hope
 That we shall scape the Rope
 And pull the lawn sleeves down,
 If Honi Soit
 Get not a Doit
 'Till we're sure that he's our own.

THE RETROSPECT A PINDARIC ODE.

Ah Stubborn Isle!
 So late from slavish bondage freed,
 (of Civil Wars the precious meed;)
 Canst thou so soon forget the Toyl,
 The Cruel and Imperious Law,
 Exacting Brick, and yet denying Straw?
 Or the fam'd Cheats of State Magicians,
 Religious Politicians
 Their Rods to Serpents turned by flight
 That hiss'd and stung
 While the amazed throng
 In vain attempted to escape by flight,
 And how those gilded Serpents Pow'r
 Did even Moses sacred Rod devour.

2.

Then every River and every Flood
 Was turned into blood,
 The Frogs of Jealousies and Fears
 Croak'd dangers in our Ears.
 Then swarms of Lice and Gilded Flies,
 Sects and Schisms and Heresies
 In numerous throngs came in
 And turn'd our Prayers into sin.
 A grievous Murrain followed next
 Which through the Nation flew
 And Men like Beasts it slew.

Biles and blains the State perplext
 Rebellious rancorous sores
 Broke and discharg'd their long hid putrid stores.

3.

A dismal plague of Iron hail
 And leaden Rain
 With dreadful fire and thunder mingled fell;
 A fire that came from Hell.
 Religion and true Loyalty were slain
 Whilest Rebels did prevail
 And Albion look'd like Sodoms smaoaking Plain.
 Locust Committiees next bore sway
 And what the Hail had left they swept away
 And sorrow darkened every beam of day.
 But oh! the Plague of Plagues was still behind
 The Purple first born of the Throne
 (What can his blood atone!))
 By those destroying Angels first confin'd,
 And then with Pompous state
 The impudent formality
 Of treacherous Disloyalty,
 Was crown'd a Martyr at his Royal Gate.

THE KNIGHT OF RUMFORDS PROPHESEIE.

1640.

When M.D.C. joyns X. and L
 Then shall arise a Monster fell
 Kytes shall rule, and Foxes preach:
 Then Geese beware an over-reach.

1648.

When V to these shall add three I's
 The feet above the head shall rise:
 Then Gentle-folk and simple eke
 Shall sigh and sob and wail and shreek
 A kirk shall swallow up a Church
 But shall at last be left in lurch.

1660.

For X joyn'd with MDCL
Shall bring in C in spite of Hell.

1680.

Who when two XX's more are plain
Two PP's disturb his happy Reign.
Vulcan shall ride an Elephant
And Castle him for to supplant:
Vulcan beware for fear you swing
And go to Pluto in a string!
Great stirs by fits made by two Harris
Till one or both a Wood-Nymph marries:
A Dog shall bark, Oh what a Cur'tis!
Goats milk, with care, shall make him squirt his
Wits, then in a certain Town,
Star, Key and Mitre shall go down.
And if a city built of bricks,
Shall follow Jeroboam's tricks;
Rebel and worship Golden Calves,
To mend what's but reform'd by halves:
Some shall be wise some otherwise.
And Knaves with dust shall cure fool's eyes.
Some shall get, and some shall lose
Woodcocks and Weathercocks shall lose
A Knight shall woe another's Wife
But lose his Mistress and his life.
Heads shall fall, and heads shall rise
And have a care old Rumford cries.
If a cock to England come,
Without his comb he shall go home.
And who till '83 shall live
Shall England see begin to thrive:
Italian and Lake Lemans PP's
And Ind. and An. and Qu's shall leese.
Great C shall Rule, and all obey,
And far and near he shall bear sway.

A SONG.

The Rump who upon the late King inroach'd
And with stumm'd Rebellion the Nation deboach'd
Without a Tap could never have broach'd

Which no Body can deny.

The 'byters, and 'pendents who boast themselves Loyal,
Yet brought their King to a Westminster Tryal:
And at His own Gate they Tap'd the Blood-Royal.

Which &c.

Old Nol the fam'd Brewer of Huntington Town,
Who brew'd and drunk three Kingdoms down:
Made use of the Tap to swallow the Crown.

Which &.

A Baptist Doctor turn'd Politician
To cure Divisions by Sedition,
Taps a delicate Speech, or a Hatfield Vision;

Which, &.

Sedition that flies like bottle Ale,
And makes mens wits half mild half stale,
Runs out of a Tap and into a Jail,

Which, &.

If any State-Gamester by playing too high
Has Rook't himself, and turns stander by,
He takes Tap under lap, and so will I,

Which nobody can deny.

COUPLETS.

These and the Romanists although they bend
Their Heads contrary, meet at last and tend
To worry true Religion, which doth stand
Like Bear at Stake with Dogs on either hand.
Extreams both in a Circle set their feet,
And fetch a compass, yet at last they meet.

EPITAPH UPON ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

Here lies Old Nab.
 The Common-wealth Drab,
 That with her old cause enslav'd us.
 Great Charles with a Speech
 Has damm'd the old Witch,
 And from her clutches has sav'd us.

From Commonwealth Coblers, and Zealous State-Tinkers
 From Speeches and Expedients of Politick Blinkers,
 From Rebellious Taps, and Tapsters and Skinkers.

Libera nos.

From Elephant Baptists, and their doughty Free state
 From looking in Newgate through Reformation Gate,
 And from their last sayings and Hempen-ruff Fate.

Libera &c.

From Papists on one hand, and Phanatick o'th't'other,
 From Presbyter Jack, the Popes younger brother,
 And Congregational Daughters far worse than their Mother.

Libera &c.

From Religions that teach man to kill and to slay,
 From faith that is coupled with the word Disobey,
 And from Sectaries e'er having of another day.

Libera, &c.

From Members that constantly quarrel with the Head
 And Subjects that for sterling pay their Sovereign with Lead
 And preserve Kings & Government by wishing them dead.

Libera, &c.

From over-short Parliaments, and over-long
 From a selling our Birthrights for an old song,
 And breaking Mag. Charter to make it more strong

Libera, &c.

From taking away Juries by Parliament Votes
 And securing from Popery by cutting of throats,
 From a Beam in our Eyes, to cure them of Moats.
 Libera, &c.

From Voxes, and Factions saucy Addresses,
 To repeal those good Laws of honest Qu. Bess'es,
 From Fanaticks rage, and the Popes God bless us
 Libera, &c.

From a Bill that to take away Ale and cake voices,
 Robs all the old Freeholders, at Elections, of choices,
 And enables Fanaticks to make greater Noises
 Libera, &c.

From the wisdom of Bedlam, and the anger of Fools,
 From the whipping and learning of meeting-house schools
 And the Exit of Traytors and Commonwealth Tools
 Libera, &c.

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT, A PINDARIQUE ODE.

Jest. Illustrious Charles Our Joy, & Heaven's care
 For wondrous things designed
 By the Almighty Mind,
 Things which yet in Embryo are
 Reserved for the future Glory
 Of your surprizing story
 Whose mighty Name
 In the immortal Roll of Fame
 Times faithful Register shall write
 Great Britians greatest Wonder and Delight.

2.

Earn. Methinks I feel Apollo's Fires
 Fill every vein
 I feel the sacred pain
 Which even unartful breasts inspires

Tuneful numbers crow'd to sing
 A future glorious King
 And like loyal subjects meet
 With emulous strife t'express
 And in disabus'd Address
 To lay their Duty at his sacred feet.

3.

Jest. See how the sprightly Day
 Breaks through the cloudy morn,
 And does with golden Beams adorn
 It's shining way
 Shadows an fears and Jealousies
 And dismal waking dreams
 Those popular tragick Theams
 Rais'd to fright poor mortal wights
 Like mid-night walks of sprites
 Begin to vanish from inlight'ned Eyes.

4.

Earn. Awakened Loyalty does now begin
 To raise its drowsie head
 Some thought and wished it dead,
 And others took it for a sin.
 Deceived by pious Cheat
 The old Republick Feat
 Whose blasting breath was wont to kill
 With Poperies Odious Name
 And most unspotted Fame
 That durst t'oppose her Arbitrary Will,
 Whilst the art of seeming good
 Religion Property and Laws
 Pretenses of the Good old Cause
 For want of being understood
 Drew on the fatal chain,
 And should have done again,

But mighty Charles the Genius of our Isle,
 Born to redeem us twice
 From the Charming Syren's Voice,
 Has broke the cunning Toyle
 So closely laid,
 By Hydra Commonwealth that Beast of many Head.

Both. Mount glorious Prince, th'impatient Chariot waits
 At your triumphant Gates ;
 Triumphs of Peace more noble far,
 Than those of blushing War,
 Attend your solemn show,
 Each heart and knee will bow,
 And Acclamations joyous thunder
 Will rend the air asunder,
 Whilst on the nimble wings of Day
 Trembling Eccho's shall convey
 The amazing noise,
 And distant shores repeat the doubling voice
 A voice whose powerful sound shall wake
 Courage in our drooping Friends
 And make our pompous Enimies quake
 Without envious Fear,
 Disappointed of their Ends
 When they shall hear
 The azure Roof of Heaven ring
 Long live and Reign Great Charles our gracious King.

EPITAPH UPON HARRY.

Jest. Under this weeping Marble lies,
 Care, and his Pacquet of Advice ;
 Earn. The famous Dialoguing Care !
 Who Church, nor State nor King would spare :
 Jest. But like a subtle Whiggish Jilt, he,
 Of Pop'ry found true Loyalty still Guilty.
 Earn. Thus did he live, thus did he die,
 Jest. Oh ! did he so ? there let him lye.

THE SECOND BABEL, A PINDARIQUE ODE.

I.

Long had the Romish Flood born sway,
And o're the delug'd World
It's Rolling Arms had curl'd
The Trident of the Triple Crown
Unresisted bore all down ;
Each Crowned Mountain, and Imperial Hill
Under th' insulting Conquerour lay
Like Trophies of his boundless Will.
When Lo! at last
By pitying Heaven blest
Though tost with many a dreadful blast,
The envi'd Ark of Reformation
Recovered a happy station.
'And on the British Ararat did gently Rest.

2.

The peaceful Dove, who long had mourned
Saw the proud waves retreat,
Saw them retire from their usurped Seat.
'And with victorious olive to the Ark return'd :
The joyful Pris'ners then were freed,
'And even the Victims did with pleasure bleed ;
A golden Age did straight begin,
Religion then was One,
No different ways to Heaven were known,
Nor was obeying God and Kings a sin!
One language warm devotion spoke,
Under happy Unions Reign,
Nor was order thought a Yoak
Conscience was truly tendered then,
Both towards God and men.
Untaught to swallow camels, and at Gnats to strain.

3.

Envy the bane of all that's good,
With Discord soon combined,
Discord the Common Enemy of Mankind;
Starting Fears, and all-Ey'd Jealousies
And needless Scruplese did arise
A second Deluge all proclaimed aloud
'Come on, said they to the affrighted Crowd
'Let us prevent this dismal flood!
'A stately Tower let us raise,
'With Heaven shall amaze,
'To save a perishing Nation
'Let's enter into Covenant, and Association,
'To build a lofty Tower of Thorough-Reformation.'

4.

Deep was the large Foundation laid
With Blood was the strong Cement made
As if the mighty pile,
Would Hell as well as Heaven invade
And the vast Chasma reconcile,
The busie Architects mov'd every Stone,
And the proud Turrets now began to rise,
Threatening to attacke the Skies,
The oppress'd Foundation gave a groan,
Under the ponderous weight
And the amazing height
The lessening Builders did confound
And made the giddy Workmens heads turn round.

5.

When the Eternal Mind, who all this while
View'd them with a scornful smile,
And did alike deride
Their Folly and their Pride,
Their Babel-Reformation streight confounds;

No different Languages they speak,
 Quarrel each other about unknown sounds:
 Here Presbyter is raising Consistorian Throne,
 While th'Independent tugs to pull it down;
 Baptist wholly dislikes the Fashion,
 E'en from the first foundation:
 Quaker cries out by's light within,
 'Tis built by the Man of Sin:
 And streight the numerous Tribes divide,
 Each takes a wandering Guide,
 Dispers'd by the Almighty Power
 They quit the hated Tower.
 Thus fell their foolish Babel, and in vain,
 Shall all the Builders strive to rear't again.

“THE FAREWELL AND LAMENTATION OF MR. STEPHEN
 COLLEDG, THE SO FAMOUS PROTESTANT JOYNER.”

Jest. A long farewell to all that's great
 Daring and bold in mortal Wight
 Farewell my burning Zeal and heat
 I now must bid you all good night
 The Fatal Rope
 Bane of my hope
 Has ruined all the mighty Feat.

2.

Fool that I was to quit my Trade
 And proudly aim at lofty things!
 A sad Experiment I have made
 Of the long reaching Arms of Kings
 Now must I swing
 That's a sad thing
 By Ignoramus's betrayed.

3.

A shame upon the Good Old Cause
The Devil himself did surely Coin her
Had I but known she had such Paws,
I swear for all the Protestant Joyner,
 She should herself
 Have swung like an Elf
Though I had liv'd on picking straws.

4.

Prose was too dull to speak my will
But I must write Treason in Rime,
And that it might go off with Skill
I had got Songsters to keep Time.
 Sirs, Tom and Rob,
 Did bear the Bob,
Yet I must only pay the Bill.

5.

That e're I should be such a Fool!
Having so many in my shop,
To let myself be made a Tool
A Curse upon the Politick Fop
 May he too come
 To have my Doom
That first set up this Plotting-school.

6.

Adieu my Horse my Blunderbuss
My Buff and Case of Pistols eke
Which should have brought all under us
And made the Popish Tories sneak.
 Adieu ye Whigs
 Poor Protestant Pigs
The Tories now will thunder us.

7.

Dick, Frank, and Langley all farewell
 And above all beloved Care.
 My time will only let me tell
 You also must for this prepare.
 Prevent your Fate;
 Repent not late,
 For fear you Hang and go to Hell.

JEST SINGING.

Bills, bows, and Axes, quoth Robin Hood
 But I have no time to tell
 Yonders the Sheriff and his Company.
 But I hope all will be well.
 Hei, down, derry, derry, down.

A JUST AND MODEST VINDICATION

Great little Sir the Prince of Faunees
 Sucking Pols, blew-Apron Sprites,
 We've sy'd Sham-Plots through Tory Crannies
 Which sorely our Indentures Frights;
 With this Adress
 We therefore press
 Although we know not what to do,
 But being bid
 And fearing to be chid
 By Bobadiddle, Good-fellow, &.

JEST.

He must come to, and he shall come to
 and he must come whether he will or no.

Live Princely Charles! for the World's Empire born!
 With numerous Triumphs thy Great Age adorn.

THE WHIGS SAVE-ALL.

I.

Come away, come away
To London I pray
Ye Whigs of the Counties below.
For the good Old Cause here
Does in Triumph appear
And intends both the Kings and the Laws to ore'throw.

2.

We have found out of late
A Trick for the State
Which our doting Fore-fathers ne'r knew.
They thought in good Troth
They were bound by an Oath
But the Saints of our Times think otherwise now.

3.

If we're sworn of a Jury
To Try a rank Tory,
Though no proof, we'l find him ne'r fear it,
But if by the By
A Whig we must Try
We'l clear him though th' Apostles themselves did swear it.

4.

If Tapsky comes to't
I'le warrant ye we'l do't
For the Sheriffs have by their Mandamus
Pick'd up such a Crew
Of Protestants True
That ne'r doubt it the Bill will be Found Ignoramus.

5.

We can Hang, we can Draw
Or save against Law
And plead Conscience for what we shall do,

Ah! 'Tis Conscience directs us
 And 'gainst Perjury protects us
 It both makes us to sin and Absolveth us too.

6.

Thus whilst we live here
 We the Saints Domineer
 And ne'r think of our Crimes that are past,
 But when we expire
 I'm afraid of Hell fire
 For impenitent Rogues must to the Deyil at last.
 'Tis my sorrow to think
 That a man in his drink
 Should reveal all the secrets he knows;
 For I hapned to say
 In my Ale t'other day
 That the King had his Friends and his Foes.

.....PULCHRA LAVERNA,
 DA MIHI SALLERE, DA JUSTUM SANCTUMQUE VIDERI,
 HORAT. EPIST. ENGLISHED.

Laverna let me sanctify'd appear,
 Inspire me handsomly to cheat, and sneer;
 Whigs labours can never be in vain,
 Where Zeal is Trick, and Godliness great Gain.

A TRANSLATION.

Where Power and Faction bear the Sway
 Each Dog is sure to have his Day.
 When Loyalty once becomes a Crime
 No saint a Ladder wants to climb.
 The Devout Cheat turns Wrong to Right,
 Makes Turtles Black and Ravens White.
 —Tell me, ye men of Bedlam, would you grudge
 To put your lives at Stake,
 Or would it make your hearts to ake
 If Oliver's Wise Porter were your Judg?

OBERON KING OF FAIRIES TO THE PRINCE OF WHIGLAND.

A Congratulatory Poem on his happy Restauration, written on the leaves of a Medlar-Tree, and sent by the Penny-Post.

Great brother Potentate, your life we fear'd,
Till from your other World we gladly heard
The charming news of your reverse of Fate;
Under a Cabbage-leaf in th'evening late
As we and all our Peers in Council sate,
The Ghost of a departed Evidence
Gave us the rapturous Intelligence,
We scarcely could believe it, though he swore
Before he died he saw the Trial o're;
Yet when my Slaves had pinched him black and blew,
And he persisted still, we judg'd it true:
Since which our bells have rung, our Bonfires blaz'd
And all our little Subjects stand amaz'd.
Our Neighbours of the Isle of Pines rejoyce
And make a pretty odd Thanksgiving noise.
The winged Choristers all are full of Glee
From the Canary bird to th' Humble Bee.
We know dread Sir, what 'tis to be in fear,
And can't forget when Cranes did domineer;
Ev'n I my self remember yet the day
When we imprison'd in a Mouse-trap lay
Till twenty Mirmydons of high degree
Baffled my Tory-foes and set me free,
Then since we're both at large, large be our minds
Let's launch once more and never dread the winds.
For Princes, when restor'd to the bright Throne,
Forget the Trap and where they left go on.
Preserv'd or reserv'd, 'tis all one to us,
Sing you Te Deum, wee'l sing Hum and Buz.

Rise, mighty Prince, as thou art good be great,
Though thou hast pardon'd all, remember yet

Thy Father murther'd and thyself exil'd,
 Thy loyal Subjects because loyal, spoil'd.
 The same men with the same designs still live,
 And in the Sunshine of thy mercy thrive.
 Thy Senates hardly from th' infection keep
 Associate-Rebels into them would creep.
 Those Laws that should secure thy Life and Reign
 By treacherous *Ignorami* are made vain.
 At last the Sword of Justice if thou'lt draw,
 They tremble at th'effects of active Law.
 Let that repeat its strokes, 'twill check their Pride,
 And dash the clambring Traitors from thy side.

EUCCHARISTIC VERSES.

I.

They lye that say, there is no Providence,
 But all things are contriv'd by giddy Chance
 As some men ween, but men of little sense.
 Atheists and Cargilites, what think you now?
 Will you this Miracle allow?
 Are ye convinc'd, ye Whigs, your Prayers are Tricks
 When (GOD WITH US) you own?
 Are you not fool'd in all your Politicks,
 When you would undermine a Crown?
 Heav'n laughs at your Attempts, and tells you loud,
 The Sons shall live t'avenge the Fathers blood.
 Whatever Hell or Rebels dare
 The Royal Brothers are It's tender care.
 Unreasonable Men shall know
 That neither Exile to a forein Land,
 A secret Poniard, nor an open Foe
 A foaming Sea, nor treacherous Sand
 The wonderful Decree shall overthrow.
 See how the Martyrs Son in Pomp appear's
 Bright as the Lamp of Heav'n broke through a Cloud

The fair return of Loyal Vows and Tears
 Of the astonish'd Croud.
 Look with an envious Eye,
 Look on the Martyrs Son, ye Whigs, and look, and Die.

2.

Welcom (miraculous Prince) once more,
 Welcom to th' ingrateful shore;
 And with thee all the Noble Train,
 Which Heav'n has singled out and given again
 Snatch'd from the Jaws of Death.
 And thou, great Princess, in whose fruitful Womb
 Blessings are treasur'd up for times to come,
 Three Kingdoms bid thee Welcom Home.
 At thy approach the Winds and Seas agree
 And calmly seem to Prophesie
 To England Halcyon days of long Serenity.
 The Hydra, late so formidable grown
 In the too happy Town,
 Is by this bright appearance overthrown.
 Thus when the ruddy Morn draws near
 Goblins and Phantomes disappear;
 They revel'd all the factious Night
 And broke our pleasant Rest,
 Till York whom nothing can affright
 Their insolence with a look supprest.
 Their trembling Rout must now with Presents come
 And Cant th' illustrious Duke a Welcom Home;
 Or hide their guilty Heads, and groveling lie
 Struck with the Princely Thunder of his Eye.

AN ODE.

I.

In that (for ever memorable) Day,
 When from the bosom of the Sea,
 Kind Starrs the Noble Duke secure from harms,

Had lock'd within his Godlike Brothers Arms;
 Scarce had He dry'd
 His Princely Eyes which over-flow'd with tears
 For th' valiant Men that perish'd by his side;
 Scarce were the dear Embraces o're,
 Scarce had their mutual kisses time to cool,
 Which on their lips glow'd from each others Soul,
 Ere, by a Feaver seiz'd, the good King found
 There is no Mortal so sincerely blest
 But some ill Chance may his chief Joys infest.

 Soon as the dreadful News took air
 All was Anguish, all Despair
 Great were the thoughts of heart,
 In every Eye there was a Tear
 In every Loyal Soul a Dart.

In this black Storm all hands were lifted up in Prayer:
 Long live (we cry'd) Thou Best of Kings,
 Breath of our Nostrils, Live
 The choicest Blessing Heav'n can give,
 Live, and adorn the Imperial Crown
 For our sakes, Godlike Prince, if not thy own.

2.

 Heav'n heard,—
 And, now in every chearful Voice He Lives,
 And with him Britain's drooping Hope revives,
 Before his feet she humbly bows
 And offers for his precious Life her Zealous Vows.
 Nor yet, nor yet in darkness shall He dwell
 In spite of Rebels, and of Hell,
 Long since it was decreed at Boscobell;
 "Hence (said his Guardian Angel) shall you go
 "Driven by disastrous Fate
 "To foreign Lands tost to and fro,
 "Perils by Land, Perils by Water Know,
 "Three mighty Kingdoms Love, Three mighty Kingdoms hate;
 "Till two short Lustra o're Your Sacred Head shall flow.

" Then Madmen shall grow sober, fools be wise,
 " And all your Noontide Glories rise;
 " Great, and Happy shall you be;
 " And if Eclips'd at any time you are,
 " 'Tis that You may more bright appear
 " With all the awful beams of Sovereignty.
 " Till your triumphant Race be run
 " And all Your Wonders done;
 " Then, full of Years and Fame You shall remove
 " To pious Kngs, Your radiant Peers above.

I'LE GIVE YOU A SING-SONG, TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY 'CHASE: THE
 TITLE OF IT IS, A NEEDLE AND THRED, OR THE POPE'S DOWNFAL.

Within a certain Suburb Ward,
 To all the Town well known
 Where Whigs of every Rank may lick
 The Drivell of old Tone——.
 'Twas there, no worth the drery Morn
 The Causes Friends were met,
 Their Tongues to rail prepared were
 Their Teeth for grinning set:
 With flapping Ears, and sweating Locks
 Their Scalps adorned were;
 There stinking Breath from empty Gut
 Did all perfume the Air.
 A Taylor led the Doughty Gang
 With jaws of yellow hew,
 Like Spanish Needle, sharp and long
 And a Protestant true:
 He came to Church, (forgive him Heav'n)
 And spoke full many a word,
 With his fring'd Eye-brows cock'd he stared
 But it signifie'd not a T——,
 Now as the King of France of old
 With forty thousand Men

March'd up the Hill, and then alas!
 Came sneaking down agen;
 So (great in Prowess) as they thought,
 The Whigs they did advance,
 But look'd as silly, when they'd done,
 As did that King of France.
 I would to God that all men were
 So wise as they should be,
 For then old England were secure
 To all Posterity.

VERSES.

Good People, lo! Nine-penniworth of Man
 Draw near, and look and laugh not, if you can.
 You, that with Pictures would adorn your Houses
 Need buy no more than this, and Mother Louse's.
 See here the Bulkie Figure Cap a-pee;
 Know, This a Person is of Quantity.
 To make him fine, th' Engraver lets him wear
 The Gown and Chain he borrow'd the last year
 Such gaudy Trappings surely must by force,
 Make him look great, and so once did his Horse.
 Yet still this vast Coloss, I'll lay my Sowce,
 Wants soul enough to animate a Mouse.
 As much a Mock't Esquire, 'midst all his Ruff,
 As empty Oiter-Barrel to a Muff.
 But this is he for whom, for Causes weighty
 The Party so much sweated Anno Eighty
 Who first cull'd out the men that learn'd with ease
 To take plain Oaths, and mean by 'em what they please.
 Who in deep Evening can talk next his heart,
 Sherwin, his Paunch should have been swoln with Fart,
 Whose Chain does truly Tantalize his Maw;
 Were every Link a Sausage, how he'd gnaw!
 This is the famous Squire, the doughty Wight,
 Heav'n send the Nation peace till he's a Knight.



